

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 32
Number 6 *The Messenger*, Vol. 32, No. 6

Article 1

3-1906

The Messenger, Vol. 32, No. 6

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Recommended Citation

(1906) "The Messenger, Vol. 32, No. 6," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 32 : No. 6 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol32/iss6/1>

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The • Messenger.

VOL. XXXII.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 6.

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Catullus.

BY W. J. Y.

[*Odi et amo: LXXXV.*]

I hate, yet love. Perchance you ask,

How can these things be?

I know not; but I feel 'tis so;

Inward fires consume me.

[*Vivo et amo pars solum V.*]

Let us live, my Lesbia, and love.

As for gossip of the sages old,

Not a whit for all their squibs care we.

Suns may set, but they shall rise again,

We—when once our light so brief doth fade,

One eternal sleep our night hath made.

Aaron Burr.

BY K. L. R.

AMONG the many distinguished presidents of Princeton College, no name is so lovingly cherished as that of Rev. Aaron Burr, who was honored and beloved for his scholarly attainments, unselfish devotion to the gospel ministry, and indefatigable efforts in the interest of humanity. From Jonathan Edwards a surprising number of distinguished personages have descended—men of worth, talent, and station; women beautiful, accomplished, and gifted. It was Esther Edwards, the daughter of this remarkable Puritan divine, that Rev. Aaron Burr, who also came of a Puritan family in New England, which for three generations had given those provinces clergymen, lawyers, and civilians of eminence, chose as the one upon whom to place his sincere affections and deepest love. Of their two children, Aaron and Sarah, the former was born February 6, 1756, at Newark, N. J. Upon the happy scene an inexpressible sadness soon rested. Within thirteen months the children were bereft of father, mother, and grand-parents, and were reared in the home of Rev. Timothy Edwards, son of Jonathan Edwards. The independent, fearless spirit soon manifested itself in the boy. At the age of ten Aaron had the fancy, which besets most active boys, to go to sea, and he escaped to New York, where he took the post of cabin boy on board a ship which was to sail within a few days. But one day, while at work on the quarter-deck, he spied a suspicious clerical-looking gentleman walking rapidly down the wharf, evidently bent on the capture of a cabin boy. He sprang into the rigging, and before his uncle got on board he had climbed to the mast-head. He saw his advantage and resolved to profit by it. He was ordered down, but refused to come, and, as his uncle was one who would have been nowhere less at home than at the mast.

head of a ship, the command had to soften itself into an entreaty, and it became finally a negotiation. Upon the condition that nothing disagreeable should befall him in consequence of the adventure, the runaway agreed to descend and return home to his books.

He entered the Sophomore class at Princeton College in his thirteenth year, from which institution he graduated with distinction within two years.

On one occasion, while presiding over the "Clio-Sophic Literary Club," a professor of the College, from whom Burr had received many unwelcome admonitions, chanced to enter after the business of the evening had commenced. Burr, assuming as much of professorial dignity as his diminutive stature admitted, and with that imperturbable self-possession for which he was distinguished, ordered the professor to rise. He then began to lecture the delinquent upon his want of punctuality, observing that the older members of the society were expected to set better examples to the younger, and concluding with the hope that he should not be under the necessity of recurring again to the subject. Having thus given the professor a parody of one of those harangues which preceptors are prone to bestow upon neglectful pupils, he informed him that he might resume his seat.

A year of idleness was spent by the youth before he began to think seriously of the future. His relatives, the friends of his father, and many of those in whose minds the memory of the mother of his youth was still fresh, hoped and expected that he would in due time be attracted to the profession which so many of his ancestors had adorned. But a mind so active, penetrating, and fearless as his must have come in contact with the skepticism that was then raging in Europe. He could not have escaped it, for it pervaded the books which he was most sure to be drawn to. He resolved, therefore, instead of subjecting himself to be tried by the theology of the day,

to put that theology itself on trial. The gospel which the young man accepted, lived by, and died in, was the gospel according to Lord Chesterfield. "Chesterfield himself was not a more consummate Chesterfieldian than Aaron Burr." He finally decided on the law as his profession, and had entered very enthusiastically into legal studies, when the news of Lexington electrified the thirteen colonies, and summonsed to arms their gallant spirits of every degree. As one who had waited for the signal, this young student threw aside his books and seized the sword to join the patriot forces gathered around Boston. His courage was perfect—he never knew fear—for his nerves could not be startled by any kind of sudden horror. He loved the military art, and more highly prized the soldier's glory than that of any other pursuit. To these qualifications he added a mind cultivated and most fertile in those suggestions for which the exigencies of war furnish such frequent occasions. "With all his power to win the confiding love of equals and inferiors, men saw in his face and bearing what Kent loved in Lear—authority."

As the youth went through the camp at Boston, he became a prey to disappointment, mortification, and disgust. After passing a month of this most wearisome idleness, he actually fretted himself into a fever and was confined for some time, sick in body and mind. On hearing of Col. Arnold's contemplated invasion of Canada, the heroic youth of nineteen declared his determination to join the expedition. All his friends were aghast at his resolution, but under the stimulus of a congenial object his health improved, and he was ready in a few days to proceed to the rendezvous, sixty miles away at Newburyport. Burr, accompanied by four stalwart men, whom he had equipped at his own expense, shouldered his knapsack and marched the whole distance. In the meantime his uncle, hearing of his ward's intention, dispatched a messenger to bring the fugitive back, peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. Upon reading his uncle's peremptory letter, he

looked coolly up at the messenger, and said, "Suppose I refuse to go, how do you expect to take me back? If you were to attempt it by force, I would have you hung up in ten minutes." The messenger paused a moment, then gave him another letter, containing a remittance of gold and loving entreaties from his uncle. Burr's feelings were moved, but not his resolution. His eyes filled with tears, as he read the letter, but he could not now retire from a scheme in which his heart and, as he believed, his honor were embarked.

The march across the wilderness to Canada was unparalleled for hardship and severity. The experiences beggar description, and if Burr had not possessed a power of prolonged exertion and a capacity for enduring privation, his life would have been sacrificed with the many heroic spirits who braved such difficulties at their country's call.

Col. Arnold gave him a proof of his confidence by entrusting him with the important mission of informing Montgomery, at Montreal, of the former's arrival at Quebec. To Burr was confided the perilous duty of conveying, alone, a verbal message, for several miles through the enemy's country. In performing this duty the young soldier gave the first striking proof of his tact and address. Knowing that the French population had never become reconciled to the British rule, and that the Catholic clergy especially abhorred it, he assumed the garb of a young priest, and sought the hospitality of a priest living near the camp. A few minutes sufficed to convince the young diplomatist that he had found the man he had need of, and at once frankly avowed his real character, and asked the aid of the clerical order in the prosecution of his journey. With the guide thus obtained, Burr reached his destination in safety, conveyed the information with which he had been entrusted, and related to Montgomery the adventures of the mission. That gallant and princely General was so charmed with Burr's address and daring that he requested him immediately to accept a position on his staff.

Disgusted with the lack of courage on the part of Arnold, he withdrew from his command, joined General Washington at New York, and was soon appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, being the youngest officer who held that rank in the Revolutionary Army. "That combination of qualities and defects which fits a man to be a successful military commander he possessed in a more remarkable degree, perhaps, than any other American who has won distinction in war. If he had been as much in the eye of Napoleon as he was in Washington's, the Emperor would have made him a marshal." During the four years of his connection with the army his fortune was greatly impaired. "Every officer who had anything to lose suffered in his circumstances in the Revolution, and Burr more than the most." To see a fellow soldier in distress and to empty his purse for his relief were simultaneous actions with him. "His feelings were easily moved, and his acuteness utterly failed him the moment his tenderness was awakened."

After the war he resumed the study of law, and, with the experience of a few years' practice in Albany, he moved to the rising metropolis of the young republic, at the mouth of the legendary Hudson, where his marked ability won for him the esteem and patronage of his fellow-citizens. He and Hamilton were both engaged on one occasion on the same side of an important case. Hamilton insisted that Burr should speak first, which he did not wish to do. But when his colleague made his request so urgent, Burr acquiesced. As they had discussed the case, each knew the line of argument the other would enforce, so Burr, "in order to retaliate," not only used his pre-arranged argument, but also exhausted that which Hamilton was expected to present. It is quite remarkable that he never lost a case. He was acknowledged to be the first lawyer in his State, and second to none in the United States.

Colonel Burr's rise to eminence in the political world was

more rapid than that of any other man who has played a conspicuous part in the affairs of the nation. Over the heads of tried and able politicians, in a State where leading families had for a century nearly monopolized the offices, he was advanced, after fairly entering the political arena, from a private station, first to the highest honor of the bar, next to a seat in the United States Senate, and then to a competition with Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Clinton for the Presidency itself. Hamilton occupied a position of great influence and prominence, and opposed Burr in every election. In 1800 Hamilton had been fairly defeated, but he attempted, by a secret and unworthy manœuvre, to steal the laurel from the victor's brow. Hamilton's intrigue was a design to frustrate the will of the people by putting into the Presidential chair a man who had not even been named for the office by the people. Among the Republicans, only Jefferson was mentioned for the first place, while several, among them Burr, were named for the second place. Many Federalists, despairing of their candidate, even entertained the thought of giving Burr enough votes to elect him over Jefferson. The vote, however, showed a tie between Jefferson and Burr. The decision was reached by the House of Representatives on the twenty-ninth ballot, and resulted in the election of Jefferson, which was due to the influence of Hamilton. Burr was elected to the Vice-Presidency, and was then at the summit of his career. Ten years after becoming known in national politics, he stood but one step below the highest place to which by politics a man can rise.

As a politician Burr never had any real foundation—such as great ideas, strong convictions, and grand policy. The fatal day in his life was the day on which he resolved for party, and, for personal reasons chiefly, to turn politician. His influence and popularity decreased while he was in the Vice-Presidency. He was hated by the Republican leaders in his own State, and distrusted by a large number in the party,

and, he thought, by the President himself. As his term of office was drawing to a close he betrayed his party and his country by agreeing to a plan for breaking up the Union, proposed by some intriguing Federalists, who promised to make him their leader and guaranteed him their support for the Governorship of New York. Burr was a restless soul, and his patriotism was shallow. He had made up his mind that treason was preferable to political failure. The election resulted in a defeat for Burr, who brooded over his downfall, for he knew that his political fortunes were irreparably frustrated. He felt that he would have succeeded had it not been for Hamilton, who unhesitatingly opposed him. The more he brooded over the matter the more he censured Hamilton, and the determination to get rid of his powerful enemy found expression in a challenge to a duel. As the earliest rays of the rising sun streamed through the trees, they stood face to face on the old dueling ground under the rocky heights of Weehawken. Hamilton seemed undecided and vacillating. Burr was calm and determined. At the signal to fire but one shot was heard, and Hamilton fell upon his face. Aaron Burr may have felt a thrill of the joy of victory at the fall of his great rival at Weehawken. He did not foresee that his fatal bullet would add a lustre for all time to the name of his fallen victim and would cover his own with indelible dishonor. "He did not foresee that the ghost of Hamilton would pursue him like a Nemesis from land to land, would mark his every project with failure, would hound his footsteps for thirty years, until at last, aged and tottering, he would sink into the grave, the victim, and not the conqueror, of that fatal duel."

When it was learned that Burr had practiced with his pistol for several weeks before the duel, with the intention, not of retrieving his honor, but of killing his rival, he was denounced as a murderer. As soon as he perceived the increase of the hatred towards him, he fled to South Caro-

lina and remained with his daughter, and in a short time returned to Washington and delivered his farewell address to the Senate, and then started for the West and also the South. His voyage down the Ohio is significant because of his visit to Blannerhasset Island. "The serpent entered this Eden to forever poison its peace—to make Blannerhasset and his 'angel like' wife the dupes and instruments of a desperate and dishonorable adventurer." His plan was to sever the West from the States on the Atlantic coast, and to found an empire, with New Orleans as the capital, which was also to include Mexico, and that he himself should be seated on the "throne of the Montezumas." He stated that if he could gain over the naval commanders, he would turn Congress out of doors, dispose of the President, and establish a government that had energy. His high-handed intrigues were ignored for a time, but finally his arrest was demanded. His trial resulted in his acquittal, due largely to Federalists' opposition to Jefferson, rather than sympathy for Burr. Then, as a man without a country, he set his face towards the shores where, in the midst of the surging masses of conglomerate humanity, he hoped to escape the finger of scorn and the burning words of his enraged fellow-countrymen. He first wandered through the great city of London, but the mark of Cain was upon him, which prevented his finding a resting place there. Not only on this account, but because of his natural disposition towards intrigue, he was compelled to flee from the country. He then went to Sweden, thence to Germany, Holland, and France. His brilliant personal attainments won admiration, until his insincerity, want of good faith, and disposition to embark in dangerous schemes of any description, that remotely promised to better his fortune, rendered him an object of personal and governmental suspicion. He was often threatened with starvation, and resorted to desperate shifts almost akin to beggary. After some years of such experiences, he landed in disguise at Boston, and

made his way to New York, where he opened a law office. To abject poverty, disgrace, and defeat was added that inexpressible sorrow and anguish of soul, which almost overwhelmed him, at the news of the sinking of the vessel on which was sailing the idol of his heart, the only one on earth who loved him, his beautiful and attractive daughter Theodosia.

Alone and deserted, the poor old man might occasionally be seen in the courts of law, or walking silently along the streets of the busy metropolis, with down-cast eyes and sad countenance, with seldom a greeting from any one, in the very city where, not many years before, his achievements were the rejoicing of every heart, and his brilliant gifts the admiration of his countrymen. "The age which tames and the misfortunes which chasten" rightly-constituted minds had produced no effect on his. There are no good reasons for supposing that a trace of remorse ever visited his conscience. Finally paralysis smote him, and for two years he could not move without assistance; but, even thus prostrated, his intriguing mind was actively engaged in plots and schemes. The curtain dropped upon the scene on September 14, 1836. There is not the shadow of proof that, among all the teeming projects of his brain, there was one which had for its object the melioration of man. With his brilliant record behind him, what might he not have been, what laudable achievements might not have crowned his efforts, and what lustre might not have brightened his pathway, had his highest ideal been the uplifting and the serving of humanity, rather than selfish aggrandizement? His was the reward of self-centered ambition, and the fate of one who ignored the fundamental principle of society. With the gratification of his selfish desire uppermost in his mind, he deliberately took the life of his political opponent and sometime friend, and the world turned its back in disgust and contempt upon him. Had he submitted to the inevitable, as many noble statesmen have done, his name would not be blighted with perfidy and stained with infamy.

The Fairest of the Fair.

BY HARRY MELVILLE BOWLING.

I have seen a snowy lily,
When the dawn had tinged the sky,
Reflecting tints of faintest crimson
Scarce apparent to the eye.

Underneath its milky whiteness
Life-like color seemed to glow,
As though beneath its lucid surface
Human blood did ebb and flow.

But that lily's fairy fairness
With her cheek cannot compare,
Who, with face of saint or angel,
Is the fairest of the fair.

I have stood at glorious sunrise,
And have seen the King of Day,
As he rose in blazing splendor
O'er the hill-tops far away.

And that molten orb of yellow,
Like a shield of burnished gold,
Shone with such effulgent splendor
As no tongue has ever told.

But the sun, in all its brightness,
Scarce outshines her lovely hair,
Who, with yellow, golden tresses,
Is the fairest of the fair.

I have stood in the fading twilight,
As the sky grew paler blue,
Till, at length, from out the azure
One lone star came peeping through.

From that star a heavenly radiance
Seemed into my soul to flow,
Bright, and clear, and pure, and holy,
Like no light that shines below.

But that star, in palest azure,
With its holy light so rare,
Is outshone by eyes whose brightness
Makes her fairest of the fair.

Paracelsus.

BY WILLIAM OSWALD BEAZLEY, '06.

THE name Paracelsus at once suggests to our minds the great student in the early part of the sixteenth century, and we now turn to Browning, to read, in beautiful blank verse, the deeds of this great benefactor. However, before we have proceeded far, we forget the real Paracelsus, and find ourselves absorbed in the great problems of Browning's idealism. Thus we are lifted bodily into a metaphysical atmosphere, where we arrive at conclusions intuitively rather than logically.

Paracelsus is neither a biography nor an autobiography. It has something of both, but is more than either. It is rather a stately epic, whose majestic strains are harmonized with Browning's philosophy and art.

Could we separate the music, story, and philosophy, and consider each apart from the other, perhaps we should not be attracted by any special merit of either. The story is a simple picture of an individual combating the forces of nature in his struggles to reach the goal of his ambition. The philosophy, while it sometimes touches an unexplored field, could not be called a real contribution to the science of thought. The music, while beautiful, is the same old accompaniment that poets, long before Browning, played to the

expressions of their fancy. But the marks of genius stand out conspicuously in the combination of these elements. Not until we realize that each wave of this music is set in motion by a different word, and that each word has a meaning, are we ready to see Paracelsus performed?

Paracelsus is introduced to us in a pathetic scene of parting friends. The background of the stage is brilliantly painted with beautiful types of nature. The skillful musician touches the keys of his instrument, and the comedy begins. We have heard before the conversation of friends preliminary to their sad parting, and our finer emotions have been touched. We have seen before the apple trees white with blossoms, the bushes weighted down with berries, heard the chirp of the cricket, and our æsthetic natures have rejoiced; but now we experience a more intense pleasure. What we once felt and could not express we now hear in audible tones. There is

“Opening out a way,

Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape.”

Ordinarily, Paracelsus' argument for seeking knowledge in unexplored fields would not be logical in the face of the pleas and facts presented by his friends, Michal and Festus; but when we consider that we are now in a spiritual world, where logic plays but a small part, his argument is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the production. Paracelsus feels that his mission in this world is to reveal some hidden secret. Other people may attain success by seeking knowledge in known paths. Indeed, some may be happy without seeking knowledge at all. But he who has had a special commission realizes success only in proportion as he reaches the ideal suggested by this commission. This success appeared to Browning very dimly at first, but—

“At once,

What was a speck expands into a star,

Asking a life to pass exploring thus,

Till he near craze.”

Thus he starts out to discover some new truth. Browning gives his hero full rein ; and all the energy of an ambitious youth is displayed to reach his goal.

Nine years later we see Paracelsus at Constantinople, taking inventory of his attainments. He has reached the goal of his youthhood, but this is a mass of deception, since it has "made life a single idea." Thus he has failed. We pity Paracelsus for the present, and are asking ourselves, in all earnestness, Is life worth living? when Browning enters, in the form of Aprile's spirit, and points out the ideal goal. The whole situation is changed. A bright expression comes over Paracelsus' face, and he aspires to write love and knowledge. Combining his scientific and poetical powers, Browning begins to elevate Paracelsus higher and higher, until he fades away into the cloud of eternity.

Now the performance is over. The music has ceased. The stage is cleared. What have we gained? Just what it is I cannot say, but this is clear—in our journey the beautiful imagery of a strange city,

"Flashed through the circling clouds.
 Soon the vapors closed again,
 But we have seen the city, and one such glance
 No darkness could obscure, nor shall the present,
 A few dull hours, a passing shame or two,
 Destroy the vivid memories of the past."

July the Fourth—July the Fourteenth.

(America and France Compared.)

BY THOMAS WILLIAM OZLIN, '08.

JULY the Fourth and July the Fourteenth are two distinctive dates in the history of modern institutions over the whole face of the earth. Coming, as they do, in the same month, and standing for practically the same things,

they are naturally linked together in our minds. July 4, 1776, saw the passage of the act declaring the dissolution of all political bands between the American colonies and the mother country. In a word, it was the birthday of a nation and of a great principle. This nation, guided and controlled by this great principle, has developed into the foremost republic in the family of nations. July the Fourth marks, in the truest and widest sense, the advent of the western nations. It was the beginning of a new and untried form of government—an innovation in the art of governing. The influence of this movement has been world-wide, and every civilized nation has felt it, and has adopted its principles in a more or less modified form. The movement was an innovation in that it was the first successful attempt to thwart the hitherto omnipotent despotism of monarchy. Previous to this occasion it was universally conceded that government by king and council was the natural, and, therefore, the only possible system of governmental institutions. Thus we see that the initial attempt of the thirteen American colonies was purely an experiment—an experiment during which the Powers of the earth were watching with intense interest to see what was to be the outcome of this novel attempt. It was a contest between the colonies, which represented the cause of free institutions, and the British King, who typified monarchy and its accompanying despotism. It is true that the American colonies were aided by France, which was, perhaps, the most despotic nation of Europe. It is, however, generally conceded that French aid was not given through sympathy for the cause of liberty in America, but only to revenge England, her inveterate enemy, at whose feet the former had so recently been humbled in her struggle for the control of America in the West and of India in the East.

Our attempt was successful, and the date of its beginning is a holiday dear to the heart of all true sons of liberty. The constantly increasing prestige of America in inter-

national affairs contributes to the anniversary of our independence, in that the natal day of the republic is coming to be more and more respected abroad.

The American Revolution was not without its influence upon existing conditions in France, and in making most significant that great date in French history, July 14th. This is scarcely of less significance than the advent of our own independence. It does not mark the birth of a new nation, but it was the beginning of a mighty social upheaval, the ultimate results of which were world-wide in their influence.

In Paris, on that memorable night, the angry mob, angered to desperation by the multitudinous wrongs that they had endured, armed themselves and marched to the Bastile, determined upon the complete destruction of the prison. This old stronghold seemed to stand as a constant menace to liberty, and a place where freemen could be arbitrarily confined on the slightest pretext. The storming of the Bastile was itself of little significance, but it was the spirit that prompted the participants in that defiant action which gives it such particular importance. However much we may try, we cannot comprehend the motives and impulses that influenced the French of that critical period. They had endured until further submission was no longer possible. The privileged classes enjoyed many exclusive rights, which had descended from mediæval feudal times. These privileges were founded on justice and equity, but the occasion for them had passed away with advancing civilization; but the nobility continued to enjoy them. This is only an instance of the many attempts in France to impede progressive movements and to foster stationary institutions. There was a tendency towards resistance to this lamentable condition, and the storm had been gathering about the heads of the oppressors. Finally that storm broke in its violence and fury and swept all before it. The long-suffering masses gave full

reign to the pent-up wrath of the past two centuries, and sought to avenge their humiliation and suffering. It is impossible, in a brief comparison of the two dates, to discuss the influences resulting from this far-reaching event. To say that the French Revolution involved all of Europe would but faintly convey its consequences. Its mighty influence was felt wherever civilization was known, and the spirit of liberty and nationality of the present is in a measure due to forces quickened by the French Revolution. This movement completely changed the map of Europe, and has influenced, more or less, all civilized peoples of the globe.

Thus the two dates are momentous and of especial interest to those, the world over, who cherish freedom and independence. Let us ever foster the noble principles which are associated with them, and never lose sight of the conspicuous part that they have played in the liberation of man from political thralldom, and the awakening of the free, creative spirit which had lain dormant during many centuries.

The Second Visit to Grandmother.

BY MISS NOLAND HUBBARD, '08.

IT WAS June, and the boys and girls throughout the land were thinking of home and vacation. Joy was written on every face and gladness filled every heart except poor Robert Morris's. This had been his first year at college, and as he turned his thoughts homeward he remembered it must be a dreary place since mother had passed away. In this mood he wrote to his father, just before commencement: "I cannot come home and spend the summer in such a lonely place as it must be without mother. May we spend the vacation away?"

In response to this Mr. Morris packed his trunk and went

down to the commencement. The first thing he told Robert was, "We are going to spend the summer with your grandmother Morris." The next morning, after the finals, the usual farewells, and best wishes for a happy and prosperous vacation were over, Robert found himself and father alone on the train. The following thirty-six hours were very pleasantly spent in telling his father of his first year's experience at college. At last they pulled up at B——, a little town a few miles from his grandmother's country home.

This was a new place for Robert. For many years Mr. Morris had promised him the trip, and now, at eighteen years old, he was really making his first visit. Everything was interesting to him. His grandmother was a dear, quaint old lady, and her home was a perfect wonder. The novelty soon wore off, however, and he found himself longing for his old college associations.

A few days later Mrs. Jones, her brother Ben, and little Miss Alice, of about fifteen years, called on Mrs. Morris. Robert met the neighbors, and found it his duty to entertain Alice, while the elderly friends walked out to see the flowers and the garden. She was a very interesting little creature, and he was beginning to wish she could be around more often. Mrs. Jones soon came in and said it was time to go home. She invited Robert, with the other members of the family, to her home as often as it would be a pleasure to come. Alice, in her child-like way, turned and said: "Yes, come down. We live in the house just down the road."

Robert was pleased when his grandmother said she meant the beautiful country home only one-half a mile away. He soon accepted her invitation. Alice proved to be just the kind of girl he wanted to know. She liked anything that would assure a good time. Horses were her chief pets, so it was not long before they were out for a trip up the mountain, to the village, or some other place. Her music was not at all conventional; she played rag-time as well as classical compo-

sitions. She danced, and so did Robert, and she was the greatest little talker he had ever known.

Thus the summer was spent. It was the happiest time Alice had ever had. Robert was really her first companion. She had always lived with her mother and "Uncle Ben," and had never had any one to help her enjoy life. It was new and its fascination did not wear for a child like Alice.

At last, however, it was to end. Mr. Morris and Robert were to leave for home, where they would be a week before Robert must go to college. The last day was spent in the usual way. It seemed the best of the whole vacation. In the evening, when they turned their faces homeward, Alice was in her highest spirits, but Robert was a little vexed with her. He had known for many weeks that this cheerful little creature was more to him than he imagined a sister could be. And was she going to leave him in this joyful manner! When he said she must say "good-bye," she answered, "Oh, I'll go with you out to the gate." Just then she realized it was all over and the next day would be like the lonely past.

"Oh, I am so sorry you are going, Robert. What will I do when you are gone?" she said, like a child.

"Alice, you are the dearest girl on earth." He could not forbear telling her his secret before he left. She was still young, and had never thought of Robert as a lover. At last she gave him her promise as she said "good-bye."

The letters came often, and for two weeks Alice answered them as promptly as they came. She had never been so lonely in all her life. Her mother sent her to college a few days later. Robert still wrote his letters, but Alice found anything far more interesting than letter; so they ceased to be answered, and eventually to come.

The next vacation came, but Robert sought to spend it not at grandmother's and near Alice. However, she did not miss him; she had enough to occupy her time. For four years they continued in college. At last Alice came home with her honors, and Robert likewise took his degree.

Alas! all was not to be well for Alice. As the summer drew to a close she was taken with fever, and for many weeks remained very ill. Finally she rallied, and in a few months was bright and strong again.

The balmy days of spring came, bringing with them the tender grass and early flowers. In the fields the little lambs gamboled at their play, and the plowman whistled at his furrow, while the robins chattered over the up-turned sod. Such was the picture that Alice and "Uncle Ben" saw as they made their way to the mountain not very far away. It was all so different from the dreary days she had endured in the hospital and her room during the past winter. True enough, while a convalescent, she had books to enjoy, but they were the works and arts of man. She was one who did not believe in reading about the world and its people when one could see and know them. Now she was in the world once more, and her appreciative spirit made her realize more than ever how poor and incomplete are the attempts of man to imitate the handiworks of God.

The sun was not far on its course when they started up the mountain. The dogwood blossoms looked like a suspended snow-storm, while the forget-me-nots dotted the dark mountain-side like tiny stars of blue. And the unimprisoned spirit of Alice responded to all this beauty of Nature.

They crossed over the mountain and wandered on down the other side. In the afternoon she came to the brook she loved so well. It had been a long time since she had watched its winding waters and listened to its sonorous noise. Walking down the banks of the stream, she soon came to a beautiful little fall in its course. All of this brought back the summer when only fifteen. Realizing she was tired, she let the wood violets fall from her arms and sank down on the bed of ferns at her feet to dream while the laughing waters rippled on. However, her reverie was to be interrupted, or, perhaps, to become a reality.

"Good evening," said a bold, familiar voice. "You look very contented, but do you object to company?"

Alice had heard the approaching footsteps, but, thinking it was "Uncle Ben," she did not look around. Glancing up in her astonishment at the known, yet unrecognized, voice, she said: "Why, if it is not Robert Morris! Oh, I am so glad to see you. Yes, come sit down."

Robert soon explained that they were visiting his grandmother again, and were out to enjoy the first of spring also. They came up to Mr. Wilburn first, who was reading a book not far away. As Mr. Morris sat down by him he asked, "Why are you away out here to read a book?"

"Oh, I am out for Alice's pleasure. She is out for a ramble, but is now resting yonder."

At this bit of information Robert said, "Father, you are tired and will rest with Mr. Wilburn awhile, so I am going up to speak to Miss Alice."

An hour, which passed in seemingly half that time, they spent relating what had been most interesting to them in the last five years. At last the sun was stealing behind the sunset clouds, and "Uncle Ben" called to Alice, saying they would soon start for home. Alice and Robert became silent as they watched the lengthening rays fall upon the stream at their feet. The bright, clear, blue sky was now transfigured into clouds of gold, overlaid with a veil of pink delicately and wonderfully wrought. As the scene faded away beneath a mist of purple, Robert broke the silence. "Alice, do you remember just such an hour about five years ago—the day I left you?"

"Yes," was the answer of the blushing girl.

"Can you renew your promise?" said Robert, in a hesitating voice.

Just then "Uncle Ben" and Mr. Morris were approaching, but as Robert assisted her to rise he said, in a still more pleading voice, "Oh, say you will."

It was only a whisper, but that was in the affirmative, as she turned to speak to Mr. Morris.

The Adam Child. (Or How Man Didn't Begin.)

BY STILES HUOT ELLYSON, '09.

Of red, and gold, and blue, and green,
And divers colors shot between,
The sheen of Eden shone on him
From wings of watching seraphim.
Far over land and sea were spread
Clouds of angels, watching his bed.

'Tween earth and heaven the black was rent,
A royal road shot through the vent:
Of godly light, a golden mint
That gave the sky a glorious tint,
And shone upon the Adam Child,
And burst in glory when he smiled.

* * * * * * *

In his cradle, sweetly sleeping,
Royal blood curbed in his veins,
Lay the king of all things creeping,
Resting in two lions' manes,
While in wonder birds were peeping
As the blood within him gains.

'Round him, high above him vaulting,
Trailing tendrils all assaulting,
Oaks' majestic, swinging branches,
Scarlet leaves the scene enhances.
Dismal caverns widely yawning,
Far away the darkness fawning.

This was Eden in the night
When first man in heaven's light
Lived, and ruled, and had his being.
Lived with God, the All-Decreeing :
This the night before the dawn
Of the day when man was born.

Now from out that arching bower
 Proudly struts a flaming cock ;
 Sends his clarion full of power,
 And the blackness 'gins to rock :
 Roaring, rending back to cower,
 While descends the heavenly flock.

Blindingly the glory shone,
 When uprising from his throne,
 Speaking flames and whispering love,
 Swept him down with Christ, the Dove,
 To the place of wondrous birth,
 Of God's likeness made of earth.

* * * * *

Then, through the silence of the morn,
 The heavenly breeze in glorious song,
 Now swept among the trees to warn
 All subjects to no more prolong
 Their cowering in the world so dim,
 But come entune their notes with him.

When presently the music swelled,
 Just loud enough for mortal ears.
 The child he stirred ; and angels held
 Their breath, the silence rang with fears,
 When lo ! from 'tween his lips there flew
 A crystal note—a baby's coo.

Then should the angels all have sung,
 But voice so sweet had never rung
 Through heart and soul of angel kind,
 And all the praise that they could find
 Was one great sob of dazed bliss—
 And scarcely God expected this.

Lo, this was but the crow at dawn
 For all that was to come ;
 " So wee, so small, so helpless born,
 Sweet waif," was coming from

The heavenly throng, "And so forlorn,"
When something struck them dumb.
For there among the lions lay
A tyrant small, prepared to slay!
His eyes beheld the multitude;
Their azure glowed, as if 'twere rude
For any song the angels "peep"
To wake him from his precious sleep!

He reckoned not his ownership,
Nor for it did he give a flip
Of his imperial toe;
But, raising high his ruby heels,
Upon each faithful lion deals
A kick, now high, now low.

The handsomest of all the things
That lived were they, that hour,
And to them did the King of Kings
Intrust the baby's power.
To both their hearts a love that rings
He did in them endower.

* * * * *

"La," sighed the angels as they left,
"See how all care of him is cleft
And made all joy, for see him play,
Now puffing, cooing—sometimes spent;
And 'tween them at the end of day
He'd nestle—subsident."

The Code Napoleon.

BY NAPOLEON BOND.

THE term "code" is used in two senses, as follows: A complete system of positive law, scientifically arranged and promulgated by the legislative authority, and "a body of law established by legislative authority, and intended to set forth, in generalized and systematic form, the principles of the entire law, whether written or unwritten, positive or customary, derived from enactment or from precedent."

There are, however, a good many collections of laws, ordinarily known as codes, which do not properly correspond to this definition. The code of Justinian, for example, the most celebrated of all the codes, is not really a complete and exclusive system of law. It is merely a collection of the old Roman imperial constitutions into a single body of law. Codification is sometimes the word used to signify the changing of unwritten into written law. In the stricter and better sense, however, it means the changing of unwritten or badly-written law into written. It is in this latter sense that the writer shall use the word code in treating of the Code Napoleon.

The practice of collecting the constitutions of the Roman emperors seems to have begun by private lawyers at a very early period. Such, at any rate, is the character of the oldest collection, known as the "Codex Gregorianus et Hermogenianus," which furnished the model for the imperial codes of Theodosius and Justinian. The Theodosian code was the work of sixteen commissioners, to whom, in 435 A. D., the Emperor assigned the task of collecting the edicts and constitutions from the time of Constantine the Great (337 A. D.). It was finished in 438 and promulgated as the law of the empire. The Code of Justinian was compiled by an imperial commission of ten jurists, among whom was the celebrated

Tribonian. It comprised twelve books, and was the first of the four compilations of law which make up the "Corpus Juris Civilis." This code was compiled from the three codes, Gregorian, Hermogenian, Theodosian, and the constitutions which had been adopted since the last of these was confirmed. This code, published in 529 A. D., was superseded by a second, which is still extant.

The most celebrated modern code is the Code Napoleon. The necessity of a code in France was mainly caused by the number of separate systems of jurisprudence existing in that country prior to 1789. Voltaire once sarcastically remarked that a traveler in France had to change laws about as often as he changed horses.

It is proper to mention here some of the causes which gave France such a diversity of laws. The first inhabitants of France of which we have an authentic account were the Gauls, whose domain was invaded and conquered by the Romans. The country remained in subjection to Rome for four or five centuries. During all this time Roman customs and jurisprudence were being gradually introduced, and, as southern France lay nearest Rome, it was but natural that this part of the country should be the first to adopt the customs and laws of the Roman Empire, and should be the last to give them up. At later periods Gaul was successively and partially invaded and wrested from the Romans by the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and finally, and most effectually, by the Franks. At the time of these invasions the Latin language was in use, but in the course of time it was superseded by that of the Barbarians. The old Roman customs and laws remained in vogue in southern France long after they had ceased to exist in the north, and were too firmly rooted to be given up. By the time of the French Revolution, however, the old laws of the north had fallen into disuse, having been displaced by custom or unwritten law; so that France had no system of uniform laws.

On the revival of the study of the Roman law, France was one of the first countries to take it up, and her law schools in the sixteenth century were the most celebrated in the world. The most renowned lawyers of this period were Alciati, a Milanese, who taught successively at Avignon, Bourges, Bologna, Pavia, and Ferrara; and Oujas, who taught in the law schools of Cahors and at the University of Bourges, after which he taught successively at Bourges, Valence, and Paris. His learning was founded on the most diligent study of original manuscripts of the Roman law.

The sweeping changes wrought by the French Revolution made imperative a complete re-arrangement of jurisprudence in France. This was undertaken by a commission of lawyers in July, 1800, and was completed in four months. The plan was submitted to the judges and discussed by the Council of State. Napoleon took part in the deliberations, and, while he did not himself do the work, still the stamp of his genius is clearly discernible. At first it was published under the title of "Code des Francais," and was afterwards entitled the "Code Napoleon." Bonaparte believed this to be the greatest glory of his reign. The work consists of 2,281 articles, arranged under titles, and divided into three books, preceded by a preliminary title. The subjects of the different books are, first, the law of persons; second, the law of property; and third, the manner of acquiring and losing property. After the code had been approved by the principal courts of justice, it was discussed in the Council of State, where Napoleon displayed great interest in the work and made many suggestions. It was then submitted, title by title, to the legislative body. It met with considerable opposition, on account of its conservativeness, but the entire code became the law of France and was promulgated March 21, 1804, under the title of the "Civil Code of France"; in 1807 the title was changed to "Code Napoleon." It was a compromise between the customary laws of the northern provinces,

which were substantially German, and those of the east and the south, which were mainly Roman.

If the Code Napoleon had never been in use in any country other than France we should have little occasion to concern ourselves with it; but when it is remembered in how many countries it is in use to-day, we shall readily see how important it is for us to know something about it. The French code has been substantially adopted in Holland, Belgium, in many of the Swiss cantons, in Italy, and, most important of all, it is the law of Louisiana, New Mexico, and also of nearly every Central and South American country. The Spanish Code of 1889 is also modeled after it. Space will not admit of going into any general discussion of the merits of the French Code, but, to give some notion of what it contains, it will perhaps not be amiss to quote a few sections from it.

ARTICLE I.

The laws are executory throughout the whole French territory, by virtue of the promulgation thereof made by the First Consul. They shall be executed in every part of the republic from the moment at which their promulgation can have been known.

ARTICLE II.

The law ordains for the future only; it has no retrospective operation.

ARTICLE VIII.

“Every Frenchman shall enjoy civil rights.”

“With every body of troops a register shall be kept of acts of a civil nature relative to individuals of the corps, and another with the staff officers of the army, or divisions of the army, for acts of a civil nature relative to officers without troops, and all others attached to the army. These registers shall be preserved in the same manner as other registers of the corps and staff, and deposited among the archives of the war, on the re-entrance of such corps or army into the territory of the republic.”

The French code has undergone certain modifications in most of the countries where it is in use, but in principle it still remains virtually the same as when first promulgated by Bonaparte. Of all Napoleon's achievements his laws are perhaps the greatest, and they will undoubtedly survive longest.

To Her Eyes.

BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG, '07.

Liquid eyes love's laughter lit,
Beam thy tender love on me,
As the rippling waves reflect
The glimm'ring sunlight o'er the lea.

Kiss me with thy smiling eyes,
Warm me in thy limpid light;
Soothing as Dian's soft splendor,
Silver guardian of the night.

Laughter in their languid depths
Hides their fleeting love, I ween,
But 'neath their sportive mockery,
A flashing glimpse, thy soul I've seen.

A soul as pure as the evening star,
Bright'ning in the eventide,
When the dropping canopy of night
The rays of warming day doth hide.

Twinkling brightly in the sky,
Gladly gleaming evening star,
As the shadows thicken fast,
Guide the traveler from afar.

When the shadows, care and doubt,
Chill the warming of my heart,
Then, thou star-eyed one, my own
Love and guiding star thou art.

Edgar Allan Poe.

BY SAMUEL KNOX PHILLIPS, '07.

IN our beloved Southland there have been born the greatest men America has ever produced, both in the bloody times of war and in the quiet, prosperous times of peace. Some of them we have raised almost to the positions of divinities, where they are looked upon as the highest and purest types of Southern manhood. Others, who are not esteemed so highly, but who nevertheless deserve high places in the history of our country, have been somewhat neglected and are only recently receiving the honor they deserve. Certainly none deserve a higher place in our literature than Edgar Allan Poe.

He was born in Boston, Mass., January 19, 1809. His father was of a good Maryland family and his mother was the daughter of the once celebrated English actress, Mrs. Arnold. Both of his parents were actors, and played for a number of years in the Boston theatre. The father died early, however, and left the widow in great poverty, with her three children. They were at once adopted by friends, and Edgar was taken into the elegant home of John Allan, of Richmond. The boy was taken to England, where he spent all of his early boyhood days, and where 'tis probable he laid the foundation for his peculiar love of the classics. After he returned to America he soon entered the University of Virginia, where he immediately demonstrated brilliant mental gifts. He studied Latin, French, Greek, Spanish, and Italian, and was very successful in all these languages. Bad companions and the habit of gambling, which piled debt high upon him, caused Mr. Allan to take him from the University and put him to work in his counting-house. Poe, however, didn't like this work, so he ran away to Boston and joined the army. Soldiering proved very pleasing to him, and, through

the influence of Mr. Allan, who was really fond of the boy, he was admitted to West Point.

Here, however, the discipline was too severe for him, and he wilfully committed acts that would cause his expulsion. Just before he entered West Point, he published a volume of poems that gave great promise for the future. Now he determined to make literature a profession, and set to work accordingly.

He went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and her beautiful young daughter, Virginia. While with them he won a prize offered by *The Saturday Visitor* for the best short story, which seemed to encourage him greatly. Not long after this he married his cousin, Miss Clemm, and moved to Richmond, to write for the *Southern Literary Messenger*. From this time forward he gained constantly in reputation, but his roving disposition and love of intoxicants, which still clung to him, caused him to move from one position to another. Oftentimes he was in dire poverty, and finally, in shame, he died on the streets of Baltimore. He was buried in the burial grounds of Westminster Church, near the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe. Thus went the short life of the South's greatest poet and one of the world's greatest men of genius. But, looking at his work, what do we find there?

We see plainly stamped upon all the imprint of the life he so recklessly wasted. His character was complex and difficult. He was self-indulgent and self-willed, and only too often regardless of the rights of others. He was intensely proud and reserved, sometimes courteous and kindly, but more often moody and abstracted. Although he was easily excited by stimulants, he was not the degraded brute that some would make him. There is no doubt, however, that his frequent change of promising positions and his poverty were caused by a vacillating will and recurring spells of intoxication. He was a dreamer, and his imagination dwelt with the

mystic and horrible. His mind was brilliant and acute, and his sense of form and proportion was exquisite.

It is, then, no wonder that we find such a literature as he left—one in which there comes no sound from the outside world, no breath from visible things. 'Tis all of the unseen. He deals with man's loneliness; of the hopelessness of life's struggle, and the remorse occasioned by a wasted life. His poetry is in a land of dreams, and tempests and fantastic terrors. He lived in a land where all the skies were leaden, where crawling shapes glided smoothly along, where birds of ill omen flew here and there, and where the citizens were ghosts, not men.

As far as moral teaching goes, his poetry has little value, but in literary form it is superb. There seems to linger in our ears a haunting song that almost refuses to leave, and yet we love it. Poe believed that a poem should possess unity in itself, and should therefore never be long. He believed it should be written only when the poet was in a state of highly excited emotion, and he himself declares, "Poetry is the rythmical creation of beauty."

What can be more beautiful, more rythmical, and at the same time more intense with feeling, than "The Bells." Here is only one quotation from the whole thing of beauty, and we almost hear the silver bells ringing:

"How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that over-sprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight."

Other quotations might be given from such gems as "The Raven," "Lenore," "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Conqueror Worm," almost any one of which, from their wonderful unity of design and choice of melodious words, would have made him famous.

The passion and feeling packed between their few lines is unsurpassed by any American poet.

In his stories he deals with horrors and weird plots. They are most carefully wrought, and in such masterpieces as "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Ligeia," not a word fails to heighten the effect desired. His power to analyze the tortured soul is unsurpassed; but he himself lacked the will and moral conviction that would have brought his gifts to their highest and noblest development.

He developed his skill by thought, patience, and endless self-correction. Now and then we get a gleam of light and the flash of a lovely landscape, but for the most part all is a dismal superstition. He seems to have dwelt alone in the realms of his strange genius, and no one ever touched his heart in the years of his manhood except his mother and sweet wife, who were the inspiration of some of his purest poetry. Never did love seem strong enough, though, to rule his life. Thus ran the twin currents of his life and his genius, remote from mankind, until at last they gained for themselves the desolation they had so often prophetically imagined, and, choked and stagnant, they sank away to waste.

Forget his evil genius and revel in the strange beauty of his songs. Give to him the place that all Europe says he deserves, and where our Southland should put him: "The place of the first to sound the note of original song in America—a note of song neither wide nor deep, but utterly true, rich, clear, and native to the singer."

The First Recorded Visit of White Men to the Present Site of Richmond,

BY ROBERT NORMAN DANIEL, '07.

THE colonial history of Virginia dates from a much earlier period than is generally known. It is certain that a

Spanish settlement was made within the bounds of the present State as early as 1526. This colony, according to speculations of some, was located on the Jamestown peninsula. It existed only for a short time, and we know little of the history of the settlers. It is highly probable that, if the settlement was actually on the peninsula, the colonists explored as high as the site of the present city of Richmond. This is, so far, however, a matter of speculation.

The first recorded visit of white men to the falls of the James was in 1607, just ten days after the landing of the colonists at Jamestown. The expedition which reached the site was under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, and consisted of five gentlemen, among whom were Captain John Smith, Mr. George Percy, and Captain Gabriel Archer, four mariners and fourteen sailors.

These saw the present site of Richmond on Saturday, May 23d (old style) or June 22d (new style), 1607. There are references to the visit in Captain Smith's works, and, besides, there are minute accounts of it in the "Relation" of George Percy, and in the "Relation of the Discovery of Our River, by a Gentleman of the Colony," presumably Captain Archer. Captain Archer's account tells how the savages on both banks of the river crowded around the colonists, offering food, and showing their friendliness in every possible way. He shows how, on reaching the present Turkey Island, they came in sight of the habitation of the king, Powhatan, and how they were conducted to his lodgings and were furnished with an abundance of food.

The next day they left the Indian chief and continued their journey up the river, accompanied by six men whom the chieftain sent with them. About three miles above the habitation of Powhatan they came to the falls in the river. This was on Saturday. Unable to proceed further, they returned to the neighborhood of Powhatan's village, intending on the next day to arrange an expedition. Again they

feasted with the Indians, asking questions about the country above the falls, and requesting guides for an overland journey.

Powhatan did not reply to their request for guides at once, but promised to meet them at the falls of the river and there hold a conference. In the conference the Indian king discouraged their plan of going further, telling them of the dangers they would have to face, and in the end the explorers determined to return to their companions down the river. Returning from the council to their boat they set up a cross on one of the islets below the falls, with the inscription *Jacobus Rex, 1607*. They told the Indians that the two arms of the cross signified Powhatan and Captain Newport and the friendship between them, which statement seemed to please the old king exceedingly.

In the account given by Percy mention is made of the trees, the flowers, and the fruits, which abounded on the banks of the river, and of the animals which inhabited the forests. Everywhere they landed Percy related that they found the best of woods, such as beech, oak, cedar, cypress, walnut, and sassafras. The ground was covered with flowers of every description, while such fruits as strawberries, mulberries, and raspberries were plentiful. Among the animals he remarks that he saw deer, bears, foxes, otters, and beavers. Captain Smith gives in his work practically the same things as these related by Newport and Percy.

A Note of Warning.

BY YORK COLEMAN, '06.

DID it ever occur to you as strange that an institution such as Richmond College, with a student body of two hundred and fifty men, should not own its own athletic field?

A newspaper reporter stopped me on the street the other day, and asked me what sort of a base-ball team Richmond College expected to put on the diamond this spring. I told him that we had forty applicants for positions on the team, and that our prospects were brighter than they had been in years.

And this is absolutely true. We have the best coach, (or, rather, I should say the only coach, in the true sense of the word,) that we have ever had. We have forty good men, every one of them anxious and ready to represent old Richmond on the diamond. We have an entire new equipment. In fact, we can put thirty men, thoroughly equipped and fitted out, on the field to-morrow. We have a schedule containing games with the largest universities and colleges in the United States. In fact, we have everything that goes to make up a successful season, with one exception, and this one little(?) exception means more to the College and college athletics than all the outfits, applicants, and schedules put together. We have no place to play our games!

The Broad-Street Park is owned by the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, and is leased to the Broad-Street Park Corporation for thirty years, with a renewal option at the end of the term. The management of the park reserves the right to cancel any and every date upon ten days' notice in writing prior to any date.

Suppose the management of the park, for reasons of their own, should decide to cancel the fourteen scheduled dates appearing in our schedule, and should give us notice in writing ten days prior to each of said dates. Where would we play? What would we do? This, of course, is not likely to happen, yet it is within the realm of possibility, and things less likely have happened before, and will doubtless happen again.

What effect do you suppose such a wholesale cancellation of games would have upon the athletic public of Richmond

and of Virginia? It appears to me that it would place Richmond College and the Athletic Association of Richmond College in rather a bad light. Think this matter over, and I am sure that you will appreciate and realize fully the significance of its import.

It has been rumored (I can't vouch for its truth) that Richmond College once had the opportunity of securing the Broad-Street Park upon the same terms that it is now leased to the Broad-Street Park Corporation. It is very evident, however, that, if such an opportunity ever existed, advantage was not taken of it; and we find ourselves to-day handicapped as no other college in Virginia. I find that every university, college, and school in the State either owns its own athletic field or rents one by the year, and my statement will be verified if you care to investigate the matter as I have.

We have no running track, foot-ball, or base-ball field. In fact, we have no suitable place whatever to hold any kind of an athletic meet; and yet it seems that we have been content to pass the matter on from one man to another, from foot-ball to base-ball, from year to year, knowing full well our inability to compete with even the smallest of the Virginia schools in this respect.

Shall we let this matter drift on as it has in the past, letting each year look out for itself, or shall we make it our business, as members of the Athletic Association, as members of Richmond College, to take an individual interest in the athletic welfare of the College, and bring every effort to bear on the proper authorities to remedy this evil? Don't be content to let the other man do the work, but join in, each and every man in College, and let's bring this thing home to every man, woman, and child who can help us to put our College on an equal footing with the other institutions of the State.

There is a growing tendency among the larger colleges to

get their larger games in the cities. This is natural, too, when you consider that they are benefited greatly, both financially and in bringing their respective colleges before the public by so doing. I notice that already four or five games have been arranged for Richmond next fall. The Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the University of Virginia, the Virginia Military Institute, and Washington and Lee University have games scheduled here with Georgetown, and North Carolina, and some of the Northern colleges.

I venture to predict that some fine day we will awaken to the realization that all the dates for both foot-ball and baseball have been taken here, and then, too late, we will realize that some action must be taken at once. Let's lock the stable door before the horse is stolen. Let's get an athletic field and prepare for what is sure to come! We can't blame the Park management for renting the Park to Harvard University for \$15.00 per game, when we can only offer them \$10.00, and sometimes we are not altogether sure that we can even pay that.

I apprehend that the day is not far distant when we will either play our games away from home, or not play them at all. If we take the proper steps, and prepare ourselves for just such an emergency, we can snap our fingers at the Park management, and make such schedules as we see fit, consulting no one but our Faculty.

And this brings up another matter of some importance to us.

Athletics are under Faculty control here, and rightly it should be so. It is true of a majority of the Southern colleges. If it were not so we would probably do all manner of rash and ill-advised things, and would, ere long, bring our College and our College athletics down to a semi-professional state, which would result ultimately in a mere question of trade between brawn and sinew and dollars and cents. Such a state is certainly to be avoided, but, at the same time, we

should use every legitimate means to work up athletic enthusiasm among the members of the Faculty. Let's try to get them to come to our games, to show the students that they are in sympathy with the spirit of the thing and want to see us succeed. Last year it was rather the exception than the rule to see a member of the Faculty at any of our games, but I don't believe that it will be so this year.

The members of our Executive Committee have done splendid work this year, and our especial thanks are due to the President of our Athletic Association and chairman of the Executive Committee, who has been untiring in his efforts in our behalf.

In conclusion, I would urge every man in College to make it his especial business to take this matter of an athletic park up, and let's see if we can't get what we want.

The Value of College Athletics.

BY SAMUEL KNOX PHILLIPS, '07.

IN this article by the term "athletics" is meant a system of exercises, including both track work and work in the gymnasium, for developing and beautifying the physical man, thus crowning his mental development with a crown that shall make all his life a sweeter and happier song.

The Greek nation was a nation of beautiful men and women, not because they were athletic, but because they were cultured. Culture is more to be desired than learning, and culture means the highest development—namely, that of both mind and body. The Greek bodies were the finest types of symmetrical development that have ever been known; but that was not all. They combined the physical with the mental. They built up a language of exquisite beauty, in which we find a literature that will never die. But they

allowed one essential of their strength to go to rack and ruin. They became careless about the development of their physical being, and soon we see the whole nation falling downward and backward before the physical strength and valor of the stronger Roman.

And to what did the Roman owe his power of mind? Was it not due to his strength of body? Would the Roman nation, as we know it, ever have existed if they had developed merely the mind and let the body care for itself? It takes no very wise head to see that it would not. And yet we see this strong nation lose its place of power among men, for the Roman also fell before superior physical strength.

Through the sheer strength of the Anglo-Saxon, the great northern races of Europe conquered the Roman, and ever since has the Anglo-Saxon been conqueror. But did not the weakness of the Roman begin when all care for the body was forgotten, when, throwing aside all sense of purity and right living, he drank deep of the cup of dissipation and lust and crime? Thus the story has been. All those peoples which have declined have gone down before a stronger physical power. The corruption of the body by sloth and effeminate luxury has always been followed by mental decline and the loss of leadership, just as softness and weakness of mind have gone hand in hand with enervated, enfeebled bodies.

We see, then, that if the Anglo-Saxon is to remain conqueror, he must not neglect his physical nature in the training of his mental, nor destroy both by giving way to the crafty enticements of the world. Athletics has, then, a place in our education.

When a student enters college he finds the current strongly set in the direction of mental effort. There are also numerous outside interests that call for their consideration and take up time. Social distractions enter into his life, and thus he finds that unconsciously he has allowed no time for

athletics. Is this right? Has he any reason for neglecting this part of his education? Yet we find many such cases throughout the colleges of our land.

Physical examination of students show to alarming clearness defects of body that, unless remedied, must hamper a man all his life. Deficient mobility of chest walls, irregularity of heart action after exertion, nutritive disorders, abnormal susceptibility to colds, evidences of exaggerated nervousness and of faulty muscular control are very common. But can such faults be remedied while at college, some one may ask? Yes, and unless they are corrected at college there is very little hope they ever will be or ever can be corrected.

The years during which a man is at college are those when growing comes to an end. The bones are being finished; his chest is taking on final shape; his respiratory and circulatory power can still be increased; his nervous system is wonderfully responsive to training, and there are the greatest possibilities for perfect muscular control.

Now where does the trouble lie? It lies, in the first place, with the man. Unless he realizes that his body is a beautiful mechanism, that must be kept in proper condition, there is very little help for him. In the second place, our athletics do not embrace enough—that is, the gymnasium and the track are kept too far apart. They belong together. They are not parts of separate organizations, but they are the two essentials of one great system, and no lasting results are obtained without the correct use of both.

No man should enter track athletics until he has first straightened out all the crookedness that exists in his body. His first work, then, in athletics should be corrective exercises in the gymnasium. He should ask for a physical examination and a prescription that will correct deformities and begin the making of a symmetrical body in the proper way. This can only be done in the gymnasium, where there is the proper apparatus for such corrective work.

Aside from this great function, the gymnasium has other inestimable values in the athletics of the college. The new man cannot go upon the track and make a name either for himself or his college without having first had a course of gymnastics that will give him perfect muscular control. This is what he needs, above all things, on the track. His muscles must work together, and there is nothing so good as work in the gymnasium to give this.

Men who seemed to be very promising men for the foot-ball team, but who made dismal failures, wonder why they failed so badly. The college talks about it and seems to think it all very strange, but, after foot-ball season, let them come into the gymnasium and see that man at work. There he is, a great, big, fine-looking specimen of manhood, trying to do something on the parallel bars which some little, slender fellow has just finished doing in beautiful form. His legs refuse to move, and his arms, which seemed so strong, refuse to hold him up, and his efforts remind one more of an elephant than of an athlete. Now we see the reason of that failure to make the team. He lacks muscular control. He is capable of using only one set of muscles at a time, instead of controlling his whole body at once.

Thus the gymnasium is the fore-runner of the athletic field. Let a man serve his apprenticeship in the gymnasium if he wants to become an artist on the athletic field. We should use our gymnasium as a training school during the winter months, and then when the time comes for track work we will have our bodies in the best possible condition for it.

Now let us see, briefly, what the results of our college athletics may become, both now and hereafter. First, they train both mind and body. All our voluntary actions require the use of our will. There must be mental effort put forth, as athletics surely requires mental effort. Thus, while the body works, the mind is also exercised. The entire nervous system is supplied with good blood, and more of it, and the

repair of waste nervous energy is executed more quickly, while a torpid brain and depressed spirits will soon become things of the past.

But in the making of that which is the highest aim of the college—namely, character—athletics are a power. They develop manliness, energy in taking the initiative, and endurance under long strain. The man who gladly makes any sacrifice of selfish motives, or personal spites, for the honor of his *alma mater* and the glory of his ideal, is bound to have his feelings extended to a broader sphere, and his whole character strengthened and uplifted. The unselfish love begotten on the athletic field makes him better prepared for the service he owes the world and its great brotherhood. The best test for everything is the results accomplished, and, applying this test to college athletics, we know they are good, not because they are *said* to be good, but because they are *seen* to be good, and *felt* to be *essential*.

Finally, then, athletics, properly conducted, mean muscle, and brains, and character. They mean zeal without ill-feeling, idleness without loafing, liberty without license, pleasure without regret, *play* with a *meaning*, sport with an object, and the upbuilding of a cultured man, as silently and imperceptibly as the spider's web, but as firmly and surely as the growing coral reef.

Prizes for Economic Essays.

THIRD YEAR.

IN order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate an examination of the value of college training for business men, a committee composed of Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, chairman; Prof. J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Prof. Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace

White, Esq., New York City, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Clark College, have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of Chicago, to offer again in 1907 four prizes for the best studies on any one of the following subjects:

1. The practical wisdom of freeing raw materials, essential to subsequent manufactures, from customs duties when entering the United States.

2. The best methods of obtaining an elastic currency in times of panic.

3. To what extent, and in what form, are Socialistic tenets held in the United States?

4. In what respect, and to what extent, have combinations among American railways limited or modified the influence of competition?

5. The best methods of avoiding resort to force by labor unions in their contests with employers.

6. The effect of "trusts" upon the prices of goods produced by them.

7. How far does the earning power of skill obtain under a *regime* of trade unions?

8. A critical study of modern commercial methods for distributing products to consumers.

9. The development of economic theory since John Stuart Mill.

A first prize of \$1,000 and a second prize of \$500 in cash are offered for the best studies presented by Class A, composed exclusively of all persons who have received the bachelor's degree from an American college, in 1895 or thereafter; and a first prize of \$300 and a second prize of \$150 in cash are offered for the best studies presented by Class B, composed of persons who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college.

No one in Class A may compete in Class B; but any one in Class B may compete in Class A.

The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 to undergraduates, if the merits of the papers demand it.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and, although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the year when the bachelor's degree was or is likely to be received, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, and the institution which conferred the degree or in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1907, to

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, Esq.,
University of Chicago, Box 145, Faculty Exchange,
Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Comment.

PRIZES FOR ECONOMIC ESSAYS.

It is to be hoped that some of the students of Richmond College will be attracted by the excellent prizes for economic essays offered by Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of Chicago.

We have refrained from publishing circular matter not originating among the Faculty or the student body of our own institution, but, in view of the fact that the offer in question affects the students so vitally, and is so conducive to research work and general development, we are very glad to give it space in our publication. With the support of the men whose names appear therein, we cannot doubt the absolute trustworthiness of the plan, and we are willing to utilize our own columns in giving publicity to a matter which concerns the future interests of our country along economic and industrial lines.

We are anxious that many Southern college men may avail themselves of this opportunity of manifesting their clear insight into matters which concern the whole nation, and also that they may thus prepare the way for a practical application of their views as to the economic needs of the South.

It will be noticed that the contest for these prizes will not close until June 1, 1907. This will afford sufficient time for treating one or more of the subjects mentioned. We suggest that this would be both a pleasing and profitable way to utilize the coming summer months.

THE DEBATE.

We are glad to know that a spirit of persistence pervades the Literary Societies. In view of the fact that the intercollegiate debate between Randolph-Macon and Richmond College has been cancelled, the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary

Societies have decided to have a debate, but to confine it to "local talent."

The event, no doubt, will have taken place before this issue of *THE MESSENGER* reaches the students, but we wish, however, to express our hearty endorsement of this plan.

The Societies have not accomplished all that we had hoped, but we sincerely believe that excellent work has been done this year, and that those who have supported these organizations have been amply repaid for the time and energy thus expended. Marked interest is evinced in the preparations for the Society contests which usually take place at the close of the session.

**THE
GRAVES' EDITION
OF POE.**

We desire to acknowledge the receipt of this new and very attractive edition of "Selections from Edgar Allan Poe." It has been our privilege to peruse this

volume and to note its real merit.

The publication has a peculiar interest to us, in view of the fact that the poet, whose works are thus appreciated, spent so much of his life in Virginia, and especially in Richmond, and also on account of the relation that the author sustains to Richmond College. He is a B. A. of that time-honored institution, and his *alma mater* is watching his career with real pleasure. It is gratifying to know that his editorial duties, in connection with *The Times-Dispatch*, do not deprive him of the opportunity of demonstrating so unmistakeably his abiding interest in classical literature.

**THE
EDITORSHIP.**

As we surrender our office, with its duties and responsibilities, its pleasures and delightful associations, we experience a feeling of reluctance, as well as of willingness. Our connection with *THE MESSENGER* has been of the most pleasant nature, and

the difficult and critical task assigned us has been greatly relieved by the spirit in which our contributors and loyal associates have supported us in publishing our college monthly.

It is unnecessary to state that we feel deeply grateful to all connected with the editorial staff, for their co-operation. They have always rendered valuable and timely assistance in their several departments, and thus materially facilitated the work devolving upon the editor-in-chief.

For Mr. S. DuVal Martin, who was recently elected to the office of editor-in-chief, we bespeak that loyalty and faithful support so characteristic of the student body of our College.



Co-Ed. Chronicles.

MISS HELEN E. BAKER, '07. MISS NOLAND HUBBARD, '08, Editors.

ON Friday afternoon, February 16th, the Chi Epsilon Literary Society gave a reception in honor of Professor J. C. Metcalf, our highly-appreciated English teacher. The meeting was called to order by our new President, Miss Julia Barnes, who, after a few words of welcome, presented Professor Metcalf as the speaker of the afternoon. His subject was "The Poetry of George Eliot," and his talk was exceedingly interesting and instructive. Refreshments were served after the lecture. Among the guests were the Faculty, the former co-eds. of the College, and the friends of the members of the Chi Epsilon.

ON February 1st the regular election for officers of the Chi Epsilon Literary Society took place. Though unattended by the politicking which is usually characteristic of college elections, there was much interest shown in the selection of the Society's leaders. The result was as follows: Julia G. Barnes, President; Leila N. Willis, Vice-President; Elizabeth Willingham, Secretary; Mina S. Thalhimer, Treasurer.

FLORENCE YOUNG expects to return to College in April to complete her last year's work, which was interrupted by illness.

WE were glad to have Maria Bristow with us for the winter term. She will take her degree in June.



Campus Notes.



ELIJAH McINTYRE LOUTHAN, '07, Editor.

The Field Day contests will be enlivened this year by a spirit of class rivalry. Each class has organized for the event and elected a captain and a manager, which are as follows: Class '06—H. B. Handy, manager; T. E. Hughes, captain. Class '07—O. M. Richardson, manager; S. K. Phillips, captain. Class '08—A. S. Jones, manager; E. H. Luck, captain. Class '09—E. G. Hall, manager; W. F. Saunders, captain.

The course of lectures given by the Faculty were especially interesting. It is the consensus of opinion among the students that it is not absolutely necessary to send to other sections of the country for lecturers, when we have them in our own institution.

In the Track Meet, on February 10th, Saunders, Luck, Waite, and Gooch won the relay race from William and Mary College. Miller won second place in putting the shot. The other Richmond College men acquitted themselves creditably, but they were outclassed by University athletes.

The representatives of the Y. M. C. A. at the Norfolk Convention, February 15-18th, were A. J. Terry, D. N. Davidson, J. H. Terry, J. B. Hill, J. S. Cobb, L. J. Pack, and E. M. Louthan.

The following students were recently elected officers of the Y. M. C. A.: F. H. Hayes, President; G. T. Waite, Vice-President; A. J. Terry, Secretary; W. M. Black, Treasurer.

Dr. W. A. Harris, J. B. Webster, P. B. Watlington, T. E. Peters, and F. H. Hayes attended the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, at Nashville.

We are very much gratified to know that Messrs. Earl

Riley, G. W. Lawrence, R. S. Ellis, K. L. Burton, and F. G. Louthan, who were recently in the hospital, are greatly improved.

The gymnasium exhibition on February 26th was a success. This was an effort in the interest of the General Athletic Association treasury.

The Arbor Day celebration promises to be of unusual interest this year.

✓ RICHMOND COLLEGE BASE-BALL SCHEDULE.

Manager York Coleman has announced the corrected schedule of games to be played by Richmond College this season, which is considered by all as one of the most attractive in years. Richmond enthusiasts will not only have an opportunity to witness some close games between the old-time rivals, Randolph-Macon, William and Mary, and Hampden-Sidney, but interesting games are also promised between such large universities as Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Lehigh, and Trinity.

It will be remembered that Richmond College made a fine showing against Yale last year, and finally lost the cup to Randolph-Macon after an exciting ten-inning game. This season, with good material to choose from, under the efficient coaching of Mr. Dunlap, great things are expected.

The season's schedule is as follows:

March 17th (Saturday)—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

March 21st (Wednesday)—Union Theological Seminary, at Richmond.

March 24th (Saturday)—Gallaudet College, at Richmond.

March 27th (Thursday)—Dickinson College, at Richmond.

April 5th (Thursday)—University of Pennsylvania, at Richmond.

April 6th (Friday)—Fredericksburg College, at Richmond.

April 7th (Saturday)—Randolph-Macon College, at Richmond.

April 9th (Monday)—Wake Forest College, at Richmond.

April 11th (Wednesday)—Princeton University, at Richmond.

April 12th (Thursday)—Maryland Agricultural College, at Richmond.

April 14th (Saturday)—William and Mary College, at Williamsburg.

April 16th (Monday)—Yale University, at Norfolk.

April 17th (Tuesday)—Trinity (N. Y.) College, at Richmond.

April 18th (Wednesday)—Lehigh University, at Richmond.

April 19th (Thursday)—Washington and Lee University, at Lynchburg.

April 20th (Friday)—Kentucky University, at Lynchburg.

April 21st (Saturday)—Hampden-Sidney College, at Lynchburg.

April 23d (Monday)—V. M. I., at Lynchburg.

April 24th (Tuesday)—V. P. I., at Lynchburg.

April 25th (Wednesday)—Emory and Henry College, at Lynchburg.

April 26th (Thursday)—University of Georgia, at Richmond.

April 28th (Saturday)—Hampden-Sidney College, at Richmond.

May 1st (Tuesday)—Kentucky State College, at Richmond.

❁ Alumni Department. ❁

BENJAMIN C. JONES, '07, Editor.

"These are my jewels."

Alma Mater is watching John Garland Pollard with full-hearted pride. His energetic and efficient services in both Church and State are appreciably felt. He is now distinguished beyond the Commonwealth. Of the many things he has achieved, one of the most notable is the recently published "Pollard's Virginia Code, Annotated." In regard to this work one of the senior members of the Law Faculty said: "In accomplishing the purpose for which this publication was designed, a real service has been rendered the State; and that the work was well done is abundantly evidenced by the very general and flattering manifestations of appreciation and approval with which it has been received by the bench and bar."

A member of the Academic Faculty spoke of it as "the most valuable contribution to the legal literature of Virginia in the last forty years."

The College wonders if the Trustees have filed the name of this worthy son for her Honorary Roll. What he has accomplished fully merits *alma mater's* highest laurels.

Dr. Gordon B. Moore, '80, who holds the Chair of Philosophy in the University of South Carolina, was spoken of here a few days ago, by one who knew him, in these words: "He is recognized as a born teacher. He is a man of massive brain, passionately devoted to the pursuit of truth. In teaching his aim is not to make proselytes, but to create earnest seekers, analytical intellects." Richmond College rejoices in the expanding energies of this distinguished alumnus.

Judge C. E. Nicol, '74, who recently handed down the happy decision on the Richmond annexation question, is

lauded on every side. This decision increases the territorial capacity of Richmond one hundred per cent.

On the campus it was asserted positively that no man before the public at the present time could so admirably fill the gubernatorial chair as Judge Nicol.

Charles Marshall Graves, B. A., '96, city editor of *The Times-Dispatch*, has just published a finely-illustrated edition of Edgar Allan Poe's works. THE MESSENGER has just received a copy, mention of which is made in this number. Mr. Graves will also soon bring out an edition of John R. Thompson's works.

L. H. Walton, M. A., '05, who is Latin instructor in Fork Union Academy, has entered the Christian ministry. His ordination took place February 11th, in the Fork Union Baptist Church. Calls from several churches have been extended to him, but, for the present, he will remain at his post in the Academy, where he is very popular.

Thomas B. McAdams, M. A., '98, has been made cashier of the Merchants National Bank. It may be said that this makes the youngest member of our Board of Trustees the youngest bank cashier in the South, and his bank does the largest business of any in the South except one at New Orleans.

The First Baptist Church, of South Boston, has established a scholarship at Richmond College, which will be open to some worthy student next session. The movement for this was begun by an alumnus of the College. May there be others.

Curtis Lee Laws, '89, president of the Baltimore Alumni Chapter, who is becoming distinguished as a lecturer, has delivered his popular lectures on European travel in Richmond.

There are two additions to the roll of Alumni Chapters—namely, Roanoke and Atlanta. Alumni Chapters now exist in Louisville, Atlanta, Norfolk, Newport News, Hampton, Lynchburg, Roanoke, and Baltimore.

On March 6th, at the Chamber of Commerce, a local Chapter for Richmond went into permanent organization. Hill Montague, B. L. '94, was President *pro tempore*.

Which shall be next, Washington or New York?

H. Lee McBain, M. A., '00, who is doing post-graduate work in history at Columbia, has lately published an English grammar which we are told has decided merit.

T. Ryland Sanford, '03, is now pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, Hampton, Va. We are glad to know that Sanford is having flourishing success in his new field.

The new Electoral Board of Richmond, composed of three members, has two alumni of the College—D. C. Richardson, B. L., '74, and James Caskie, B. L., '74.

George Bryan, B. L., '81, is now President of the Richmond Bar Association.

NECROLOGY.

Eugene L. Carroll, '01, who was connected with the Carnegie Institute, and a brother of our former Professor Carroll, was accidentally asphyxiated in Washington, D. C.

Dr. William S. Ryland, '60, former President of Bethel College, and son of the first President of Richmond College, died at Russellville, Ky.

Rev. J. R. Murdock, M. A., '95, stationed at La Junta, New Mexico, recently died in California.

Judge J. Wilmer Hughes, '76, of San Diego, California, has recently died.

Exchange Department.

THOMAS WILLIAM OZLIN, '03, Editor.

It is a pleasure, as well as a privilege, to review the wide range of literature that comes to us in our exchanges. Nothing would be more pleasing than to peruse very critically the whole list of excellent publications, and to cite what we conceive to be the points most deserving of merit, and also to mention, by way of impartial criticism, the imperfections that might be remedied.

Owing to the limited space allowed our department, we consider it the duty of our office to make a few friendly comments, which we trust will be taken in the spirit in which they are made.

The Winthrop College Journal is a magazine with an unusually attractive exterior, and, what is better, the reader is not disappointed when he goes beneath the cover to examine its contents. The plot in "The Death of the Old Year" is most artistically laid. The tale is ingeniously told, and the interest increases all the way to the climax. The style is clear and flowing, and worthy of imitation. "The Final Arbiter in American Systems of Government" manifests study and a clear insight into the closer workings of our system. "The Waxhaw Settlement" is a well-composed and an analytical study of the elements of early settlers in the Southern States.

We desire to congratulate *The Winthrop Journal* on the wide range and the admirable selection of articles in the general make-up of its contents.

The Red and White for January, while of a neat and attractive appearance outside, is somewhat of a disappointment in the interior.

We would, in the kindest spirit imaginable, offer our worthy contemporary a word of advice.

Would it not improve your magazine to add more fiction and poetry to the contributions which usually appear?

The Niagara Index is a publication of a high order. It always contains articles of true literary merit. "Dependence of the Intellectual Cognition on the Senses" is an article of high scientific and literary value, well worth the reading for both pleasure and profit. We like what *The Index* has to say about "College Songs." It says: "Sing but a bar of one of the old college melodies, and the hoary-headed veteran of life's battles is a youth again. His dim eyes brighten as many pleasant memories of the campus are recalled with the singing of the college songs. They are the vestals that keep the sacred fire of loyalty burning in the hearts of the absent children of a university or college."

The Emory and Henry Era is up to its usual standard, and contains a number of good stories and some bright poetry. "Dackley's Mill" is an interesting story of the "times 'fo' de war," and shows a knowledge of ante-bellum conditions. We agree with the author of "Sure as the Vine Grows Round the Stump" in his scathing denunciation of the sickening, hypocritical love letters that are so common in the society of our time. No serious-minded college man should be guilty of such nonsense.

The bright pages of *The Ouachita Ripples* fairly sparkle with a feast of good things. Its poetry is live and musical, "The New Year" being the most attractive piece. The prose selections are also good. "The Rise of the Democratic Idea" is a well-balanced treatment of a broad subject. It shows insight and original research. Various other selections in lighter vein go to make it one of the most readable of our exchanges.

The Buff and Blue has an attractive appearance, but unfortunately it is lacking in literary productions.

“‘Hiawatha’ Dramatized and Acted by His Descendants” is the only article of special note. The rest of the magazine is taken up by “Athletics,” “Alumni,” “Editorials,” etc. We suggest that more poetry and fiction would greatly improve this magazine.

We enjoyed thoroughly *The University of Virginia Magazine*. It has ample space between its covers, and, on the whole, is filled with literature of a high order. It shows a decided democratic spirit, but then this is not to be wondered at when we remember that the University was founded by the father of American Democracy.

The Isaqueena is a new addition to our exchanges, the January number being the first issue. *The Isaqueena* hails from Greenville, S. C. It starts out from the first full-fledged, with all the departments of a college magazine being represented. We extend to them our best wishes for their success, and welcome them to our exchange.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge receipt of the following publications: *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Guidon*, *The News Letter*, *William and Mary Magazine*, *The Carolinian*, *Southern Collegian*, *The Virginian*, *The High School Student*, *The Pharos*, *The Limestone Star*, *Rawlins Recorder*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Tattler*.

Clippings.

Professor of Latin : Cæsar si dicat an der cur, egressi lic-tiem.

Student's Translation : Cæsar sicked the cat on the cur ; I guess he licked him.

Professor Thomas : " Mr. Clay, will you be anywhere near the hardwood section of the State when you go home ? "

Clay : " Guess I will. I'm going to Hickory, N. C. "

Poe and the Hall of Fame.

" Unto the charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go.
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe."—*Father Tabb.*

Some men are born to greatness,
With luck their lives begin,
And some achieve distinction,
And others just " butt in."—*Exchange.*

Reflections of a College Boy.

1. A little credit is a dangerous thing.
2. I. English may come, and I. History may go, but I. Math. remains forever.
3. Every man who does not bear any burden during the session is a burden to himself on examinations.
4. Debts make cowards of us all.
5. A good umbrella means a frequent change of owners.
6. He who *studies* few stars during the term will *make* few stars on examinations—in Astronomy.

Pa's Strangled Clamor.

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so loudly have wailed since the moonlight's first
beaming?
Whose sharp claws and green eyes, through a perilous night,
On the fence-top we watched, while the echoes were scream-
ing.
And the more we did swear, the more fur they did tear,
Good proofs through the night that the cats were still there.
Oh! say can those tom-cats forever so rave
In the dreams of the free and the sleep of the brave?

Farewell.

Farewell! that word has broken hearts,
And blinded eyes with tears.
Farewell! one stays and one departs;
Between them roll the years.
Because farewell may mean fare ill,
We cannot tell what years may bring,
And thus our hearts grow cold and chill,
As o'er our souls those sad words ring.
Farewell! that word makes faces pale
And fills the soul with fears.
Farewell! two words that sound a wail
Which travels down the years.
Farewell! it is so hard to say,
And all the light of past joy flees
As our beloved ones pass away,
And leave us but our memories.
Alas! the sunniest days go by,
And sorrow comes with silent tread,
For a grief which clouds the brightest sky
Comes when the word "Farewell" is said.

—*M. C. M., in Rawlins Recorder.*

To the Senior.

BY HOUCK.

Conceited wight of cap and gown,
 From off thy pedestal come down,
 And dwell with men of common mould,
 By sense, not vanity, controlled.
 Think not yet that thou hast the whole
 Of wealth of mind and wealth of soul
 To be acquired by mortal man,
 And the horizon cease to scan
 Of intellect, and leave unsought
 The isles and continents of thought
 Yet undiscovered, from whose bourne,
 Bright gems, thy labors to adorn,
 May come. He, who with learned look
 Thinks what he knows would make a book
 Bigger than that he doesn't know,
 Is a fool, and you may tell him so.
 Descend, take off thy cap and gown,
 Open thine eyes and look around,
 With mind untrammelled *think*, be free,
 Show individuality.

The sun was shining on the sea,
 Shining with all his might;
 He did his very best to make
 The billows smooth and bright—
 And this was odd because it was
 The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
 Because she thought the sun
 Had got no business to be there
 After the day was done.
 "It's very rude of him," she said,
 To come and spoil the fun.

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

An Old Saw.

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
The fact is we all three saw.
I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

